



Of the Latter Day Saints'

FESTIVAL,

TO BE HELD IN THE

TEMPERANCE HALL, PARAGON-STREET
HULL.

On Good Friday, April the 9th, 1852,

President of the Conference.

ELDER J. T. HARDY.

President of the Branch.

ELDER W. L. N. ALLEN.

The Company to be seated at Half-past Three o'Clock.

HYMN—"The Mountain Standard."

Chorus:

For we're the true born sons of Zion,
Who with us that can compare,
We're of the root and branch of Joseph.
The bright and glorious morning star.

Lo the Gentile chain is broken;
Freedom's banner waves on high,
List ye nations! hy this token,
Know that your Redemption's nigh.

For we're the true born sons of Zion, &c

See on yonder distant mountain,
Zion's standard wide unfurled,
Far above Missouri's fountain.
Lo! it waves for all the world.

For we're the true born sons of Zion, &c

Freedom, peace, and full salvation,
Are the blessings guaranteed;
Liberty to ev'ry nation,
Ev'ry tounge and ev'ry creed.

For we're the true born sons, &c

Come ye christian, Seets and pagan,
Pope, and protestant, and priest;

Worshippers of God, or Dagon,
Come ye to fair freedom's feast.

For we're the true born sons, &c.

Come, ye sons of doubt and wonder,
Indian, Moslem, Greek, or Jew;
All your shackles burst asunder,
Freedom's banner waves for you.

For we're the true born sons, &c.

Cease to butcher one another,
Join the Covenant of Peace,
Be to all a friend, a brother,
This will bring the world release,
For we're the true born sons, &c.

Lo! our King the great Messiah,
Prince of Peace, shall come to reign;
Sound again ye heav'nly choir,
Peace on earth, good will to men.
For we're the true born sons, &c

PRAYER BY PRESIDENT J. T. HARDY.

HYMN—Composed for the Occasion.

Come all ye saints assembled here,	And may each Saint who has obeyed,
Each others joys to share ;	The word which God has sent !
Your voices raise, our hearts to cheer,	Be always ready and array'd,
And drive away all care.	And never, never faint.
For in this place we each have met,	But while we're scattered here abroad,
To chase away all gloom !	Expos'd on every hand ;
And may the spirit on us rest,	While fire, and famine, and the sword,
Diffus'd throughout the room.	Are stalking through the land.
May we, O Lord, thy blessing have,	The Gospel truths which we've received,
According to our faith ;	Reveal'd from God to man ;
And then, our hearts, will all rejoice,	Will lead us safe, if we believe,
In speaking forth thy praise.	Unto fair Zion's land.
Come then, ye saints, with one accord,	Where with the faithful saints of God,
Break forth in rapture's song,	Who there together flow,
And may the power of Israel's God,	Shall dwell with Christ, our living head,
Be felt by all around.	And to his MANDATES bow.

AN ADDRESS

REFRESHMENTS, BEEF SANDWICHES, HAM SANDWICHES. Etc.

DUET.	"Babel's Fall"	T. CROFT, and J. GALLOWAY.
RECITATION	"Address to F. D. Richards on leaving Scotland."	A. STEVENSON.
RECITATION	"Farewell to the Elders of Israel."	A. GOWAN.
SONG	"On the Book of Mormon."	A. FINDLAY.
RECITATION	"An Elegy on Joseph Smith's Father."	M. TAYLOR.
RECITATION	"The two Books."	T. CLINBY.
SONG	"Song of Zion."	S. MAYHEW.
RECITATION	"On Liberty."	A. GALLOWAY.
SONG	"Song of Zion"	J. HILL.

REFRESHMENTS,—TARTS, CHEESE-CAKES, &c., &c.

Lo ! good news from Zion coming,
Hear her herald's joyful sound ;
They're raising to the Lord a building,
On the consecrated ground.

CHORUS :

We are the chosen sons of Zion,
Gathering from our exile home ;
To the vallies in the mountains
Where the saints delight to come.

Far beyond the western fountains.
Kings and Queens shall gather home,
To the Temple in the mountains
From all kingdoms they shall come.

We are the chosen ones, &c.

Come ye saints, let's send an offering,
For the Temple building there—
Then we'll have a faith deserving.
And in it our blessings share.

We are the chosen ones, &c.

For the saints who're pure and holy,
Sure the Lord is waiting there !
To reveal himself in glory,
And our way to heaven prepare.

We are the chosen ones, &c.

Now we will our mutual offerings,
Lay at the Apostles feet ;
That we may receive our washings,
When the Temple is complete.

We are the chosen ones, &c.

Come ye saints in this great nation,
To the land of Zion haste ;
Let us leave our situation,
Gather to the distant west.

We are the chosen ones, &c.

Hear the call to all creation,
For the saints to gather home ;
Build the Lord a habitation,

There shall scatter'd Israel come.

We are the chosen ones, &c.

There we'll have a full salvation,
And the blessings guaranteed ;
Praise the Lord with animation,
When from bondage we are freed.

We are the chosen ones, &c.

A. M. HARMON.

AN ADDRESS.

RECITATION.	" On the Falls of Niagara."	W. L. N. ALLEN.
SONG.	" Pass under the Rod."	C. KNOWLES.
RECITATION.	" Lines for the Occasion."	F. BARNES.
RECITATION.	" The Crucifixion."	A. E. HUNT.
ANTHEM.	" Hear my Prayer."	C. & A. ARNOTT.
RECITATION.	" The days of tyranny and wrong are not for ever."	A. FINDLAY.
RECITATION.	" Martyrdom of Joseph and Hyrum Smith."	W. L. N. ALLEN

REFRESHMENTS.—FRUITS, &c. &c.

AN INTERVAL OF FIFTEEN MINUTES.

HYMN—The Upper California.

The Upper California, O ! that's the Land for me,
It lies between the mountains and the great Pacific Sea :

The Saints can be supported there ;

And taste the sweets of liberty,

In Upper California, O ! that's the land for me.

We'll go and lift our standard, we'll go there and be free,

We'll go to California and have our Jubilee,

A land that blooms with endless spring,

A land of life and liberty,

With flocks and herds abounding O ! that's the land for me.

We'll burst off all our fetters and break the Gentile yoke :

For long it has beset us, but now it shall be broke ;

No more shall Jacob bow the neck ;

Henceforth he shall be great and free.

In Upper California. O ! that's the land for me.

We'll reign, we'll rule and triumph, and God shall be our King,

The plains, the hills and vallies shall with hosannah's ring,

Our towers and temples there shall rise,

Along the great Pacific Sea,

In Upper California. O ! that's the land for me.

We'll ask our cousin Lemuel to join us heart and hand,
 And spread abroad our curtains throughout fair Zion's land,
 Till this is done, we'll pitch our tents,
 Along the great Pacific Sea ;

In Upper California. O that's the land for me.

Then join with me my brethren, and let us hasten there,
 We'll lift our glorious standard and raise our house of prayer,
 We'll call on all the nations round.

To join our standard and be free,

In Upper California. O that's the land for me.

AN ADDRESS

RECITATION.	" Presidency."	H. GREENSIDES.
SONG.	" The Saints beyond the Mountain."	T. CROFT.
RECITATION.	" Twenty One to Day."	S. HALLERT,
RECITATION.	" Lines written in the Album of Abby Jane Hart."	A. S. GREEN.
ANTHEM.	" Judge me, O Lord,"	C. & A. ARNOTT.
DIALOGUE.	" The Lady's Resolve."	C. & F. BARNES, E. SNOWBALL
To be sung by the Company, assisted by the Band, " O come, come to day."		

AN ADDRESS

REFRESHMENTS—DESSERT CAKES, &c. &c.

TRIO	" Father, Son, and Daughter."	MAW, HILL and TAYLOR
RECITATION.	" On the Venerable Lucy Smith."	M. ANDREWS.
RECITATION.	" The Widow of Nain."	J. DEWICK.
DUET.	" Nay speak no Ill."	C. ARNOTT, L. BARNES
RECITATION.	" On Home,"	E. COOK.
SONG.	" Camp of Israel."	M. TAYLOR.

AN ADDRESS

SONG " O how glorious will be the Morning."

By the Waiters assisted by the Band.

CONCLUDING ANTHEM

To be Sung by the Company assisted by the Band,

" O LORD THY PEOPLE BLESS."

BENEDICTION BY THE PRESIDENT

During the Evening Airs on the Harp, Cornopeon, Etc. will be given by Efficient Performers.

Tickets One Shilling Each, may be had of Mr. Bayes, Little Queen-street, and of the Printer

From OLIVER'S Printing Establishment, 17, Lowgate, Hull.